

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XI.]

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[NO. 16.]

CONSTANTIA;

OR, UNEXAMPLED MAGNANIMITY.

A TALE.

CONSTANTIA was the daughter of a merchant, who, being left a widower at an earlier period of life, with two beautiful little girls, bestowed upon them a very fashionable and expensive education—It happened that, when Constantia had just attained the age of twenty-one, her sister, who was a year older, received and delighted in the addresses of a man, considered as her equal in rank and fortune; a man who was not, indeed, devoid of affection to his mistress, yet distinguished by a superior attention to her dower. This prudent lover informed the old gentleman, that he was a warm admirer of his eldest daughter, and that he was also happy in having gained the young lady's good opinion; but that it was impossible for him to marry, unless he received, at the time of his marriage, a particular sum, which he specified.—The worthy merchant was disconcerted by this declaration, as he had amused himself with the prospect of a promising match for his

child. He replied, however, with calmness and integrity; he paid some general compliments to his guest; he said, he should be happy to settle a very good girl with a man of character, whom she seemed to approve; but he was under a painful necessity of rejecting the proposal, because it was impossible for him to comply with the terms required, without a material injury to his youngest daughter. The cautious suitor took a formal leave, and departed. The honest father, in a private conference with his eldest child, gave her a full and ingenious account of his conduct. She applauded the justice of his decision, but felt her own loss so severely, that the house became a scene of general distress. Constantia, finding her sister in tears, would not leave her without knowing the cause of her affliction. As soon as she had discovered it, she flew to her father—she thanked him for his parental attention to her interest, but, with the most eager and generous entreaties, conjured him not to let a mistaken kindness to her, prove their general unhappiness. She declared, with all the liberal ardor and sincerity of a young affection,

ate mind, that she valued fortune only as it might enable her to promote the comfort of those she loved; and that, whatever her own future destiny might be, the delight of having secured the felicity of her sister, would be infinitely more valuable to her than any portion whatever. She enlarged on the delicacy of her sister's health, and the danger of thwarting her present settled affection. In short, she pleaded for the suspended marriage with such genuine and pathetic eloquence, that her father embraced her with tears of delight and admiration; but the more he admired her generosity, the more he thought himself obliged to refuse her request. He abhorred the idea of making such a noble minded girl, what she was desirous, indeed, of making herself, an absolute sacrifice to the establishment of her sister; and he flattered himself, that the affection of his eldest girl, which the kind zeal of Constantia had represented to him in so serious a light, would be easily obliterated by time and reflection. In this hope, however, he was greatly deceived: the poor girl, indeed, attempted at first to display a resolution, which she was unable to support; her heart was disappointed, and her health began to suffer. Constantia was almost distracted at the idea of proving the death of a sister whom she tenderly loved, and she renewed her adjurations to her father with such irresistible importunity, that, touched with the peculiar situation

of his two amiable children, and elated with some new prospects of commercial emolument, he resolved, at last, to comply with the generous entreaty of Constantia, though at some little hazard of leaving her exposed to indigence.

The prudent lover was recalled; his return soon restored the declining health of his mistress; all difficulties were adjusted by a pecuniary compliance with his demands; the day of marriage was fixed; and Constantia, after sacrificing every shilling of her settled portion, attended her sister to church, with a heart more filled with exultation and delight, than that of the bride herself, who had risen from a state of dejection and despair to the possession of the man she loved. But the pleasure that the generous Constantia derived from an event which she had so nobly promoted, was very soon converted into concern and anxiety. In a visit of some weeks, to the house of the new-married couple, she soon discovered that her brother-in-law, tho' entitled to the character of an honest and well meaning man, was very far from possessing the rare and invaluable talent of conferring happiness on the objects of his regard. Though he had appeared, on their first acquaintance, a man of cultivated understanding, and an elegant address, yet, under his own roof, he indulged himself in a peevish irritability of temper, and a passion for domestic argument, peculiarly painful to the quick feelings of

Constantia, who, from the exquisite sensibility of her frame, possessed an uncommon delicacy both of mind and manners. She observed, however, with great satisfaction, and with no less surprise, that her sister was not equally hurt by this fretful infirmity of her husband.— Happily for her own comfort, that lady was one of those good, loving women, whose soft, yet steady affection, like a drop of melted wax, has the property of sticking to any substance on which it accidentally falls. She often adopted, it is true, the quick and querulous stile of her husband ; nay, their domestic debates have run so high, that poor Constantia has sometimes dreaded, and sometimes almost wished, an absolute separation ; but her lively terrors on this subject, were gradually diminished, by observing, that although they frequently skirmished after supper, in a very angry tone, yet, at the breakfast table the next morning, they seldom failed to resume a becoming tenderness of language. These sudden and frequent transitions from war to peace, and from peace to war, may possibly be very entertaining to the belligerent parties themselves ; but I believe they always hurt a benevolent spectator. Constantia shortened her visit.— She departed, indeed, disappointed and chagrined : but she generously concealed her sensations, and cherished a pleasing hope, that she might hereafter return to the house with more satisfaction, either from an improvement in the tem-

per of its master, or, at least, from opportunities of amusing herself with the expected children of her sister ; but, alas ! in this her second hope, the warm-hearted Constantia was more cruelly disappointed. Her sister was, in due time, delivered of a child ; but it proved a very sickly infant, and soon expired. The afflicted mother languished for a considerable time, in a very infirm state of health, and, after frequent miscarriages, sunk herself into the grave. The widower, having passed the customary period in all the decencies of mourning, took the earliest opportunity of consoling himself for his loss, by the acquisition of a more opulent bride ; and, as men of his prudent disposition have but little satisfaction in the sight of a person from whom they have received great obligations, which they do not mean to repay, he thought it proper to drop all intercourse with Constantia. She had a spirit too noble to be mortified by such a neglect. Indeed, as she believed, in the fondness of her recent affliction, that her sister might have still been living, had she been happily united to a man of more amiable temper, she rejoiced that his ungrateful conduct relieved her from a painful necessity of practising hypocritical civilities towards a relation, whom in her heart, she despised. By the death of her sister she was very deeply afflicted, and this affliction was soon followed by superior calamities.

(To be continued.)

*Account of a Singular Custom at
Metelin, with Conjectures on the
Antiquity of its origin.*

By the Right Honourable James, Earl
of Charlemont, President R. I. A.

[From the Transactions of the Royal
Irish Academy, 1789.]

THOUGH the extreme beauty and amenity of the Grecian islands, especially those on the Asiatic side of the Egean sea, may render it difficult to make a choice among them, yet, if I were desired to declare a preference, I should probably fix on Metelin, the ancient Lesbos. This enchanting island, proud of the birth of Alcæus and of Sappho, still retains those charms which gave rise and inspiration to their poetry; and though its groves no more resound with their sacred strains, the cause that inspired them still seems to exist, and love still lingers in his favourite retreat.—

Spirat adhuc Amor
Vivuntque commissi Calores
Æoliæ Fidibus Puellæ!

Nature here reigns triumphant, and by shewing what she can perform alone and unassisted, teaches us to despise the weak efforts of her inadequate mimick.—The mountains, whose rugged tops exhibit a pleasing interposition of rocks and of pine groves have their green sides, for many miles along the coast, covered with olives, whose less agreeable verdure is corrected, embellished, and brightened by a lively mixture of bays and of laurels aspiring to the

height of forest trees, of myrtles, pomegranates, and of arbutues, rich at once in blossom and in berry, of mulberries growing wild, and laden with fruit, of every other tree Of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste!

While the luxuriant vine, climbing wild and unrestrained even to their topmost branches, adorns and enriches them with its vivid green, and with its clustering fruit.—Winter is here altogether unknown.—The climate forbids it. The verdure is perpetual, and the frequency of evergreens gives to December the colour of June.—The parching heat of summer is never felt. The thick shade of trees, and thousands of crystal springs, which every where arise, and form themselves into unnumbered rivulets, joined to the refreshing sea-breeze, the constant companion and corrective of noontide heat, qualify the burning air, and render the year a never-ending May—

—————Airs, vernal airs!

Breathing the smell of field and grove,
attune

The trembling leaves, while universal
Pan,

Knit with the Graces, and the Hours
in dance,

Leads on the eternal spring!

No wonder then if the inhabitants, the better to enjoy these various beauties, should construct their houses in the following peculiar manner:—each house is a square tower neatly built of hewn stone so high as to overtop the

trees, and to command a view of the sea, and neighbouring islands. The lower stories are granaries and storehouses, and the habitable apartments are all at the top, to which you ascend by a stone stair, built, for the most part, on the outside, and surrounding the tower, so that from the apartments the trees are overlooked, and the whole country is seen, while the habitations themselves, which are very numerous, peering above the groves, add life and variety to the enchanting prospect, and give an air of human population to these woodlands, which might otherwise be supposed the regions of Dryads, of Naiads, and of Satyrs.

But the charms of this delightful spot have so far transported my imagination, that I have almost forgotten the subject of which, in this essay, I meant to treat, and which is no other than a remarkable and singular custom of this island, peculiar, I believe, to itself, and, as far as I know, never yet detailed by any traveller.

The women here seem to have arrogated to themselves the department and privileges of the men. Contrary to the usage of all other countries, the eldest daughter here inherits, and the sons, like daughters every where else, are proportioned off with small dowers, or, which is still worse, turned out penniless, to seek their fortune. If a man has two daughters, the eldest, at her marriage, is entitled to all her

mother's possessions, which are by far the greater part of the family estate, as the mother, keeping up her prerogative, never parts with the power over any portion of what she has brought into the family, until she is forced into it by the marriage of her daughter, and the father also is compelled to ruin himself by adding whatever he may have scraped together by his industry. The second daughter inherits nothing, and is condemned to perpetual celibacy. — She is styled a Calogria, which signifies properly a religious woman or nun, and is in effect menial servant to her sister, being employed by her in any office she may think fit to impose, frequently serving her as waiting maid, as cook, and often in employments still more degrading. She wears a habit peculiar to her situation, which she can never change, a sort of monastick dress, coarse, and of dark brown. One advantage however she enjoys over her sister, that whereas the elder, before marriage, is never allowed to go abroad, or to see any man, her nearest relations only excepted, the Calogria, except when employed in domestic toil, is in this respect at perfect liberty. But when the sister is married, the situation of the poor Calogria becomes desperate indeed, and is rendered still more humiliating by the comparison between her condition and that of her happy mistress.

(To be continued)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following are the reflections of a young man, found among a number of his manuscripts in his trunk, who some few months since fell by the hand of suicide, according to the most rational conjecture, from the circumstances attending his death, these were his thoughts, which he penned the eve previous to his committing the fatal deed.

They are given to the public without any alteration, in order that they may see the effusions of a mind sickened with this world, and by a series of reflection, the imagination wrought upon to that degree, as to influence a person to terminate his own existence.

M.

*Debemur morti nos, nostraque.**We and ours' are doom'd to death.*

HON.

THIS life, is one of those sad scenes, when thoroughly contemplated, makes men doubt. To weigh the good and ill that we enjoy in reason's scale, adds melancholy to despair. It shews that all our pleasing enjoyments are so transient and scarcely perceivable, that we just have time to taste, and they are gone—As if they never were.

Misfortune is unpleasant in her urn, and presents many an ugly picture to our view ; and even prosperity, so desirable, with all her charms, so smiling and alluring, is so brief and uncertain, that

we may consider it but a phantom to amuse the mind.

To consider things as they are : to throw off the veil, and to behold the *primitive realities*, makes me sensible, that the much strove for palm, riches, are fleeting ; that grandeur and the world's applause, is but merely fancy's bubble,—useful but short time at best ; for all must find a grave.

What is the solemn dirge of death, to the ear of clay ? Or the plaudits of the world, to the *manes* of the dead ? They serve for naught. Why then, continual striving ? 'Tis God's *behest*, and must be obey'd. But is none the less unreal ; for soon if *nature* continues *immutable*, we all shall quit fancy's scenery, for a more solemn farce. Then the wise, and the foolish, the monarch and the slave, the rich and the poor, will in fame, power, and wealth, be equal. Ah ! ye *ambitious few*.—Leaders of the world—tho' your enjoyments be ere so great, you must soon fall off, giving your posterity the token, and they theirs in return, all to be envolved in one common mass.

But this futurity—this after death so much talk'd of—is I trust, what you nor I, know but little of—not only that, but to enhance the doubt, the *wisdom of the world vary in conjecture*. But—if one messenger, from behind the curtain of death, cou'd peep in to this scene of mortality, he might unfold the mystery.—Ah ! that wou'd solve

the mighty doubts, and stop the wonder.—Chimerical ! Impossible !—No, we are left to guess it out.

Oh ! that the Omnipotent had not said, that we shou'd not go ; but must wait to obey his call—that he had not fixed a cannon so sacred, that mortals in a sad moment, may not o'erstep to ease the load of life.

But here—Why this prelude ? while my resolve is fix'd ? since self-determination has said, conscience, do not be a coward, nor let manhood fail, or shrink from a purpose that is so firmly fram'd.

Now—e'en now—at midnight's solemn hour, when all is hush'd ; as chaos before nature had a form, this lump of clay—the habitation of that unextinguishable spark ; the soul—tho' in full vigor, by the hand of nature fed ; contains a mind so frantic and sick with the toys and follies of an *uncandid* world, that wou'd spurn an invitation for a stay—but in a few hours to see and know—what mortals cannot surmise, for we who o'erstep the *bourne*, shall n'er come back to give, the hint ; but leave you in such fear and doubt, that is best for beings whose *nature is so frail*.

Having thus written,

Hic mea novissima cogitationes
expirant. HOR.

Here my last reflections expire.
M.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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CENSOR.—No. II.

When a man utters, what is impossible to be understood, we impute his impotency, to a want of intellectual faculty. Such a man, we generally suppose to be an idiot, or under the influence of lunacy ; the strongest sensation the contemplation of either can excite, in the breast of the feeling man is—that of pity.

EXPERIENCE.

THE above apothegm, Censor conceives to be emphatically applicable to a piece signed *Antistius*, which Chatterer hath incautiously lugged into the field to support his own imbecile arm, against observations which the former writer thought very justly due to the author of Chatterer No. I. *Antistius* will be acknowledged on all hands, a species of composition to be not easily understood, even with our strongest exertions to supply the visible defects of the author. With that tinselled display of solicism which so frequently designates the most superficial mind, is added a destitution of the rules that would be necessary to compose the low and grossest Bellingsgate. On turning to the very first sentence, this is easily perceivable, and Censor would point out the deficiency, did the small space allotted him in this paper, permit, and besides, to cleanse an Augean stable, his ambition aspires to something more

exalted. Censor, however, will notice one passage, because it is worthy of notice. He alludes to that part of the piece in which the author indeavours to impute the production of Censor as instigated by revenge.

" 'Tis a passion that urges on its votaries to deeds of dreadful note—accustoms him to scenes, which makes ev'n bandits tremble, and finally precipitates him down the dread abyss from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Bravo ! one would imagine that Antistius had filched a good part of Abaleno's soliloquy to answer the most worthy of purposes—namely, that of defending his quandane Chat. against this tartarean Censor, and in the height of his zeal would even be guilty of a plagiarism and think it a mere *fius fraus*. But gentle reader it is Antistius's, the product of this worthy author's own sorry brain ! It was the exordium to one of his crazy College exercises, written after being ridden by the night-mare, when his eyes were not just "op'd to the moon," and he yet imagines himself straddled by the devil.

Censor is charged with grammatical inaccuracy. This is indeed a consideration of some magnitude, against one who has assumed to himself the Tiara of criticism, and the words *exempli gratia*, are particularly pointed at by this cream of a gramarian, Antistius, as unsavourily nauseous to his squeamish stomach, but even the manner in which the above author treats poor

exempli gratia one would be induced to believe that Chat's very able knight knew not in what language it was that Homer wrote.—As a vindication of Censor in including him in the above typographical error, he has only to refer the reader to every latin sentence that has hitherto been quoted in the L. M. However, an ignorance of a dead language in the opinion of Censor is more excusable than that of our mother tongue, the word *puissant* [*puissant*] is a sample of the innumerable orthographical mistakes in Antistius's piece.

It is matter of some astonishment to Censor, that the pronoun "us" instead of we, of Censor, did not come in for its share of phillogience drubbing. I shall only remark, with regard to this slight deviation from grammatical accuracy that the word us, was designed to have been printed *us*, every one who has ever listened to the conversation of Chat. will comprehend the reason why this derogation was suffience.

One word upon the comparative merits of Chatterer and Antistius and I have done. Every one who will peruse the former piece, will acknowledge with me, that it is the product of a young man of that kind of genius, while he may be compared to a heterogenous quarry, through which the rays of science has never been permitted to shine, and which requires the hands of a master to polish, before

it will be capable of undergoing the scrutiny of common inspection. By frequent reading of the best models of English literature, and a much more frequent exercise of the pen, *sub silentio* (which by the bye, should not yet be permitted to come before the public) he may attain to something like intelligibility. Antistius is a writer of less natural judgement than Chat. but more artificially refined. Chat. by the aid of a miracle, may yet become a writer. Antistius has attained his climax of perfection—and yet is insufferably imperfect. A certain mudiness of intellect is conspicuously characteristic of the latter—and the aid of education is in vain called in to assist his natural benightedness of a chaotic mind

Yours, respectfully,

CENSOR.

Mount Pleasant, Long-Island.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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EULOGY ON WINE.

[By OPAY MICO, an Indian King of the Little Tallassee Country.]

WHEN I consider the variety of evils that nature has thrown in the way of man, while a resident on this changeable theatre, the world we inhabit; I cannot possibly blame him for having availed himself of some of those choice extractions from the fruits of the ground, which put a new soul into

him, and bid him for a time not only to forget the miseries of his condition, but also to encourage him to look forward to those abodes of joy, where the measure is continually full, and no one, who ever tasted, could say, "The quantity is diminished."

What an insignificant thing is this world to me, if I am forever restricted to the use of water!—This element leaves me as it found me, a poor insipid creature, destitute of all elevation, as well as incapable of great designs or actions worthy the arm of valour.

The end and design of man is happiness. Hence then, ye cold moralists, who upon the uncertain speculations of futurity, would abridge our joys of the present season. When a man departs hence, he is MAN no more. His pleasures will be no longer those of a man, but of a creature existing in some other mode of being. Let me then, in my own proper nature, while here, enjoy those pleasures, which are the peculiar portion of humanity.

The time will come, when the liquor, which now sparkles in the bowl, will avail me nothing.—They shall place the full bottle by my side, but it shall yield me not a ray of consolation!

Yet poor is the man, who in using this *good thing*, converteth it to an evil purpose. Such is our Brother TUSKENALAH, or the Big

Lieutenant. No sooner does the strong spirit of the grape begin to operate, than in a moment he becomes a monster. Cruelty is in his eye, and the grim resemblance of death is on his countenance. He smites fiercely at all around him, and delights in acts of violence.—For such the Great Man beyond the clouds did not bid the grape to grow—for such he only meant the running stream, the standing lake, and the spring that issues from the bosom of the mountain. To say all, such men he made the companions of the beasts, and gave them their place in the forest.

Who that has a spirit within him, but feels himself the better man, by the operation of this divine liquid? Is he generous? It heightens his generosity. Is he brave? It elevates him to a prodigy of exalted valour. I ever greatly distrust the man, who in drinking was never known to transgress the bounds of strict sobriety. He is cold and unfeeling. His happiness is centered in himself, and he never relaxed the wrinkled brow of care. To be always serious is not true wisdom—life should, in a certain degree, be chequered with folly.

What think you of the power called nature? Tell me, Philosopher, is she at all times in that sedate and reflective mood, which you yourself wish constantly to assume? Has she not her passions and her whims—her moderation and her inerriment? We

have a flower in our forests, in our language it is called *Jon sha atareah*, beyond the waters the *Beeflower*, upon this flower the whimsical fancy of nature has painted a Bee, in the act of extracting honey.—Nor is the imposition discovered, but by attempting to catch it.

This was evidently done with an idea of jocular deception. It is prophane to say that nature, when contriving this flower, had taken a glass too much. But we may very safely conclude, that *she was in a very merry humour*.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Editors,

OF late having perused your Miscellany, as the numbers have regularly appeared; I think it is no more than the duty of every admirer of speculative writing, to acknowledge that the many original pieces it contains, are highly calculated for entertainment and amusement.

And may with propriety add, that the communications entitled "Lucubrations," are very particularly admired, and written with that beauty and elevation of style, as manifest in the author a natural dignity of mind, rare to be found in the periodical *essays* of this Country, and are not unequal, in many instances, to similar productions of the most distinguished writers.

The subjects are judiciously selected, and with but very few exceptions, admirably well executed; the beauties are so numerous as encline one to view the faults with a lenient eye, because, *errare humanum est*, but in general they are written *ardente calamo*.

It would afford much pleasure to see the productions of the author more frequently appear.

AN ADMIRER.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A CURIOUS COMBAT.

TWO gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many services, they each, for recompence, demanded his natural daughter, Helena Schasequin, in marriage. The prince who entertained equal respect for them both could not give either the preference, and after much delay, he told them, that from the claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent for either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own power and address, but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag

to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival into it, should obtain his daughter.

This strange combat between two gentlemen, was in presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted half an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded to the German, Andre Elhard, Baron of Tethert, who, when he had got him in the bag, took him on his back, and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day, he married the beautiful Helena.

GIFT OF THE GAB.

A young man who was a shoemaker, who was deaf and dumb, was married to a sprightly young girl. At the wedding there was present, three of the bridegroom's sisters, with two young men, who were all born deaf and dumb, so that there were six dumb persons convened on this occasion. The minister asking the bride how he should marry them, she told him to do the best he could to buckle them together.

Milton said one tongue was enough for a woman. Here one woman's tongue answered a good purpose for two persons, and indeed for six or seven.

Let nothing tempt you to wrong conscience; if you keep peace at home, it will be a feast to you in a day of trouble.

ELECTION ANECDOTE.

At the last April election, a wealthy ship-owner, in a flourishing seaport town of Massachusetts, accosted a respectable mechanic, and asked him to which candidate he should give his vote? The man replied, "I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry." "Then," said the other "I'll be d——d if you shall have any more work from me." The mechanic being of an independent spirit, in easy circumstances, and not caring to barter his principles for a *job*, coolly enquired of the ship-owner, to whom he should give *his* vote? "To his excellency Christopher Gore," was the reply. "Then," said the mechanic, "I'll be d——d if I do any more work for you."

FOOTE being at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, after he had taken a mouthful or two, Foote took up his bread, and cut a piece off. "Sir," said the gentleman, "that is my bread."—"I beg a thousand pardons, sir," said Foote, "I protest I took it to be the loaf."

PROVERBS.

He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

There are many asses without long ears.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 11, 1810.

The City Inspector reports the death of 48 persons in this city and suburbs during the last week.—viz. 12 men, 11 women, 17 boys, and 8 girls.

We learn by the Portuguese brig from St. Michaels, that, on the 24th of June, a small village 21 miles from St. Michaels, called Coazs, was sunk by an Earthquake in which many families were swallowed up. Those who escaped, fled to St. Michaels, where the shock was sensibly felt. Where the village stood there was nothing to be seen but water, which was agitated as if boiling. The inhabitants in the vicinity of Coazs fled to the mountains, being apprehensive of another shock.

The body of a well dressed man who appears to have been lately drowned, was taken up in the Kills yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, and carried to Mr. Peter Buskirk's on the Bergean shore. This communication is made by a person who passed at the time, with a view of giving early information to his friends.

It is conjectured that this is the person, who fell over the side of a Newark sloop on Saturday morning last, in going through the bay up to Newark.

COMMUNICATION.

The schr. Tickler, late of this port, is owned by a Commercial House of respectability at N. Orleans, and is employed as a trader, between that place and the Spanish Maine. The insinuations of her having become a privateer is unfounded.

Three indians of the Cherokee nation passed through Winchester, in Virginia, on the 29th ult. on their way to the city of Washington.

Died in the New-York Hospital, in July, 1810.

Nathaniel Brown, of England, seaman, of apoplexy; John J. Bentura, Spain, do. hydrocephalus internus; Eliza Connor, Ireland, unmarried, typhus fever; Ellen Davenny, do. married, hemorrhage; Patrick Hanlieg, do. labourer, dropsy; Peter Jonnakey, Denmark, cabinet-maker, consumption; Isaac Kews, Orange county, brass-founder, dysentary; John Kennedy, Boston, seaman, consumption; Joseph Lewis, New-York, do. dysentary; Thos. Martin, Ireland, do. hepatitis; Hagar Thompson, N. York, slave, hydrocephalus internus. Published by order of the Board of Governors.

THO. BUCKLEY, Sec'ry.

Benjamin White (says a Nashville paper) has been found guilty of robbing the mail of the U. States.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Otsego, July 7.

On Wednesday last, as Joseph Faulkner, esq. of Middlefield was returning home from Cherry-Valley, a gust of wind arose up suddenly, a large elm tree was blown across the road, directly across Mr. Faulkner, who, together with his horse were instantly killed. Mr. Jame M'Namee was so near behind Mr. Faulkner as to feel the wind and small brush of the tree, but escaped without injury.

On Sunday, July 22, a thunder storm passed over Wilmington, N. C. The lightning struck the stores occupied by Messrs. Nichols, and Harris and Saunders; and the fire was not extinguished until it had consumed five houses on Market-street. The property destroyed is estimated at 8000 dolls.

A manufactory of spirits of turpentine, varnish, etc. recently erected on the island, opposite Spruce-street wharf, Philadelphia, was discovered in flames about 3 o'clock on Sunday morning July 22d, and as no timely assistance could be given, was, with its contents, entirely consumed.

An important piece of intelligence has been received from Sweden. The crown prince, the intended successor to the usurper of the throne of Gustavus, is dead. He was reviewing some troops in the neighbourhood of Helsingborg, when he suddenly fell from his horse and expired.

MARRIED,

On Friday evening, Aug. 3, at Christ Church, by the Rev. Mr. Lyell, Capt. A. Warden, to Miss Susannah Weathers, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Broadhead, Mr. William King, of the firm of Le Brunn and King, to Miss Esther Vandervort, all of this city.

In England, by the archbishop of Canterbury, Lord James Murray, son of the duke of Athol, to lady Percy, daughter of the duke of Northumberland. The wedding robe of the bride cost thirteen thousand dollars!

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. William Couvenhoven, to Miss Sarah Holms, both of this city.

At Edenton, N. C. by the Rev. John Otis Freeman, Dr. James Norcom, to Miss Mary Matilda Homiblow, both of that place.

On Thursday evening last, at Bloomingdale, by the Rev. Mr. Glann, Mr. John E. Ross, to Miss Jane F. Hegeman, daughter of Mr. Peter Hegeman of that place.

DIED,

With pain we are compelled to record the death of another Revolutionary Patriot—Lieut. Governor BROOME is no more.

At 12 o'clock on Wednesday last, Died the Hon. JOHN BROOME, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of this State, aged 72 years.

At Baltimore, on Monday evening, 30th inst. Samuel Johnson, esq. in the 34th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of that city, and for more than 20 years a member of the Maryland bar.

On Tuesday, July 31, John S. Hatton, aged 12 years, son of Mr. James Hatton.

On Thursday, 2d inst. Mr. William Mount, aged 26, son of Mr. Adam D. Mount.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th inst. after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. Thomasin Gordon, formerly widow of the late Col. John White of Georgia, aged 60.

On Thursday evening last, Mr. John Wood, a native of England, and for many years a respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Thursday last, after a lingering illness, Mr. Peter Dunbar, aged 42. He has left a widow and a small child to deplore his loss.

On the 31st ult. at Middletown, Con. Mr. Gabriel Dauell, jun. a young man of amiable disposition, and strict integrity, as he had resided in this city about 8 years, and left it in June last, for the benefit of his health.

At Paris, on the 3d of May last, Washington Morton, Esq. of this city.

At Trenton, the 30th ult. William Erving, Esq. late of Philadelphia.

At Baltimore, on Saturday evening, 28th ult. Mr. David E. Price, of Hartford-town, in attempting to cross a stream near Stafford, which was very high from the quantity of rain that had fallen that day, was swept down and drowned. His body was found next morning, considerably bruised, from being dashed over the rocks by the current.

At St. Jago de Cuba, in June last, of a few days illness, on board the brig Edward, Mr. George Dodd, aged 23 years, late of the town of Newark, New-Jersey.

In London, Mr. Devaynes, banker: Mr. D. made a curious will; in which, after leaving his widow 1200l. per. ann. and 800 bottles of wine to consummate her next wedding, he desires that a bottle of fine old sherry, of which he possessed a great quantity, should be placed under each of his arms in his coffin.



.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. Printers,

I shall be extremely grateful (and indeed am for past favours) if you would favour me with the publication of the following lines, which I penned in haste but in raptures.

Yours respectfully,
 JOSEPHUS.

DELIGHTFUL visions float across my brain,
 Delightful fancies cheer my every vein;
 Received and favour'd by the Girl I love,
 Envi'd by those less favour'd from above,
 Let not these visions ever pass away,
 Let not my Caroline, from virtue stray,
 Add to these favours thus already giv'n
 And let me have "the choicest gift of
 Heav'n."

JOSEPHUS.

.....
For the Lady's Miscellany.

Messrs. EDITORS.

You will much oblige, by inserting the following lines addressed

TO A MOTHER.

Oh fountain ever dear, from whence
 arose,
 This life of mine, this blood which
 through me flows;

Accept my humble lines, and let my
 verse,

Shew that I bless the object of my birth.
 Let, sacred being, a son his feelings
 speak

His gratitude, while tears flow down his
 cheek,

For all thy pains and anxious cares
 endur'd

For all thy blessings and thy gifts
 confer'd,

As you beheld my rising stature grow,
 Through thy glad veins, a pang of joy
 did flow,

As you did guide my infant heart to
 truth,

So did you turn to virtuous deeds my
 youth,

Forever may thy name my soul inspire,
 And be thy happiness my chief desire,
 And may thy precepts ever be my joy,
 And I still be, your ever much lov'd boy-

JOSEPHUS.

=====

From the R. I. Republican,

=====

TOMB OF LAURA:

In yon dark and silent gloom,
 Entwin'd around my Laura's tomb,
 The pliant ivy curls;
 Reclin'd beneath the willow's shade,
 By the destroyer's arm she's laid,
 Which fell destruction hurls.

Oft on that spot, by grief oppress,
 While bitter anguish pains my breast,
 I drop the silent tear;
 Oft, past endearments call to mind,
 Till pleasing scenes my sorrows' blind,
 And e'en my bosom cheer.

But oh! too soon these scenes are flown
 I wake from pleasure, and alone,
 My LAURA oft address:

" Ah thou who sleep'st in death's embrace,

" No more thy beauties can I trace ;
" No more thy bosom press.

" No more beneath the arbor's shade,
" For constant lovers only made,
" I plight my vows of love ;
" No more where undulates the stream,
" With thee of future pleasures dream,
" Or wanton in the grove."

Fond hope, adieu ! thy smiles impart
No pleasure to my throbbing heart ;
Nor ray of joy diffuse ;
But rash despair my bosom swells,
And lost in phrenzy's magic spells,
I wildly court the muse.

THEODORE.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE RESCUED LAMB.

[By a young lady of that city.]

THE ground was thick cover'd with new
fallen snow,
And chill blew the north wind around,
When a poor little Lamb that had
stray'd from its flock,
Half perish'd and starving I found.

Its delicate limbs were all stiff with the
cold.

And so touching its weak plaintive cry,
That, as it look'd wistfully up in my
face,
I felt a tear start in my eye.

Poor wand'rer, I said, hard indeed is
thy fate,

Thus early left friendless alone,
Whilst thy mother distracted perhaps at
thy loss,

Makes the vallies resound to her
moan.

But thou ne'er shalt have cause to re-
pine at thy lot,

For I'll be a mother to thee ;

I'll cherish thee fondly, and feed thee with
care,

And my own little pet thou shalt be

In my arms I then raised it, and wrapt
in my cloak,

To my cottage I gently conveyed ;
Where nursing it tenderly, soon it re-
viv'd,
And with bleatings my kindness re-
paid.

Each morn from my hand now its food
it receives,

While it frisks at my side all the day,
And gratefully tries by its innocent
sports,
To beguile the lone hours away.

Oft I envy the quiet which reigns in its
breast,

And wish mine from care was as free ;
As it looks in my face and seems meekly
to say,

Thou'lt ne'er be as happy as me !

From a London Paper.

TO CHLOE.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since you refuse me thine ;
For, if from your's you will not part,
Why should you fetter mine ?

Yet, now I think on't—let it lie ;
To send it me were vain :
For there's a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

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